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Uncle Jim and Aunt Jemimy in Southern California

By AUNT JEMIMY

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Uncle Jim *and* Aunt Jemimy *in* Southern California.

BY

AUNT JEMIMY

1912
THE WOODRUFF PRESS
LINCOLN, NEBR.

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The author makes grateful acknowledgment of her indebtedness to the many friends who have contributed in many ways to the experience of travel recorded in these pages.

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CHAPTER I.

ON THE ROAD

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Uncle Jim *and* Aunt Jemimy *in* Southern California

CHAPTER I.

ON THE ROAD

AN eminent author and traveller has said, "Pack your trunk and go," and I was doing that very same thing the middle of October, 1911, with all the energy possible, to go to Los Angeles, California, for a sojourn of many months; and the folks were going, too. By the folks I mean sister and her husband, their married daughter, her two little girls, Ruth and Jean, and baby Rosemary. Uncle Jim and Aunt Jemimy included, the party numbered eight in all.

Well, I went on with my packing, and you who have been through the like, know

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it isn't any small job, this getting ready to go on a tour.

The trunks were all waiting for the baggage man when he came for them in the morning, as we were all to take the noon train over the Salt Lake route for the Angel City. We got along all right, only the engine broke down on the road not far from San Bernardino, and San Bernardino's not far from Los Angeles, the city that's famous the whole world over.

They all said we started at a most unfavorable time, for there were then, and had been so many strikes on the road, and they sent out a weak engine that couldn't nowise pull us through, and naturally it broke down. This delayed us a few hours, so that we didn't arrive in Los Angeles until late Saturday evening, glad not to be riding over the Salt Lake route, or any other route, any longer.

Charles—he is our cousin—accompanied by his winsome wife, Minnie, and our nephew,

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Carl, were at the station to meet us in a great big automobile, and take some of us out to his bungalow on Fifth Avenue—not New York, but Los Angeles—couldn't very well take us all, so Uncle Jim and Aunt Jemimy were left out; the others took seats in the frightful machine, and were out there in almost no time.

Oh, but these automobiles do go fast, and dollars too, when one's travelling!

Nephew Carl got a cab for one of these big coins, and escorted us to the hotel Auditorium, and left, saying they would come for us the next morning and take us out to the bungalow. Sure enough, they brought the great, thundering machine to a halt in front of the hotel door, at the appointed time, and Uncle Jim and I jumped into it, sped away out to Charles's attractive bungalow, and got there just in time for a smacking good dinner; had'nt had one before, nor since, that tasted half as good as

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that one did, only when we were all there at Christmas time.

We couldn't all put up at Cousin's bungalow for any length of time; 'twould be trespassing on his good nature, however much his joyous wife, and mother-in-law might like to have us. Four of them and those Montgomery children were quite enough to take in at once, so Uncle Jim and Aunt Jemimy had to hustle around and find a place, which wasn't a difficult thing to do, when all the papers were as full of ads as bees in a hive, "Furnished rooms to rent." Being in a hurry, we took the first ones we came to, with spacious grounds in front, all covered with shrubs and flowers, near the University, and been in them ever since.

The folks stayed with Charles and family until they went into a bungalow close by, which they rented for a time, until they bought a cosey one of their own.

When nephew came out a year ago to

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look around and see the country, he fell so in love with it, that when he went back to Omaha, couldn't possibly think or talk about nothing but California for a whole year to come. 'Twasn't any use at all for his dear, loving wife to persuade and coax him to stay; had the fever so bad, that he went out again at the end of the year to see if he couldn't find something to do in the Angel City, and niece made up her mind that she wouldn't live separated from her husband, so followed him in a few weeks with the rest of us, and that's the reason why we are all here. Nephew was soon fortunate enough to strike oil in the Union Oil Company, where, with so many others, he is laboring faithfully to earn a subsistence.

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CHAPTER II.

SIGHT SEEING

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CHAPTER II.

SIGHT SEEING

THE first thing that one naturally wants to do on coming into a new city is to look around, and see what there is to be seen, but one never could see it all here, if he should stay a lifetime. I've come to that conclusion since having been around some considerable.

The first trip Uncle Jim and I took was out to Long Beach.

Uncle Jim's my brother and a dear good one he is, for he's so attentive in every little way, more so than many husbands are to their wives.

Well, the first trip we took was out to Long Beach on the Pacific Electric. Everybody goes to Long Beach almost the first thing, and after he's been once wants to go again, and again.

Didn't see any famous boardwalk miles

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long with a lot of piers extending way out into the ocean on one side, and costly row of hotels the other, like those at Atlantic City, but there is the magnificent hotel Virginia with the waters of the mighty Pacific in front of you, which you can look out upon, while seated upon the attractive piazza, and where you can sit and see things the livelong day. When the fleet was anchored way out in the ocean, the boats were just loaded with people sailing over to it and getting on board the vessels.

There isn't any end to the attractions at the Beach and you can find out all about them beforehand, by going to the Chamber of Commerce in Los Angeles, where they boost California every day by eloquent stereoscopic lectures.

One morning we went out to Hollywood, through two tunnels to get there, saw groves of oranges and lemons on the way, and beautiful flowers everywhere decorating the

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trunks of trees, borders of sidewalks, porches, the choicest of roses, such as in the East are grown in green houses, wide spreading palm trees, and tall pepper trees.

The trunks of the palms resemble huge pine apples, and the scales look like slabs of wood, suitable for fuel, only they won't burn for Uncle Jim and I tried it in our heater, and anything that this heater won't burn anything won't burn.

The boulevard in Hollywood takes you right by the beautiful home of the late Paul de Longpre, the celebrated flower painter whose bright gems have brought sunshine into so many homes, and the residential section straight through is so fine that words can't describe it.

The next day we were on the boulevards in Elysian Park where the sides of the hills were just loaded with beautiful flowers. Why! the horse-shoe geraniums here grow to be as big as small trees. There is no

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home, however humble, but has a few of these for adornment. The morning glories just creep here and there, and the large tea roses find their way all over the bungalows, making them look so attractive.

At Santa Monica there's another boulevard with elegant residences all along it, flowers to right of them, flowers to left of them, flowers in front of them, flowers behind them, flowers all 'round them, blossoming so sweetly, and the great ocean in front, with the musical rushing of his mighty waters singing a song of the sea to lull you to sleep, as you comfortably sit beneath the quiet shade of the trees.

The longest wharf in the world extends out into it, and you can take a ride in the trolley out on it, if you wish.

Then, there's Moonstone beach at Redondo where people get so many moonstones, so we thought we'd go for the moonstones, and didn't get any at all. An old Italian wading

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out in the sand, same as we were, wanted to sell us a whole bottle of them for ten cents; but we didn't buy any, most wish we had, for 'tis more than they're worth hunting for them on the beach. More prose than poetry in it, by far, walking up and down in the damp sand (but it doesn't stick to your shoes like Kansas and Nebraska mud). 'Tis very hard work, 'specially under a noonday sun, with the ocean waves fiercely soaking your feet, and threatening to engulf you.

Never having seen a moonstone, might not have known it, as some of the others didn't, but was told that it is a clear, white, prefectly transparent stone which has to go through a polishing process before it is fit for use; subsequently past some machines where this polishing is done, and into a souvenir store where a lady was looking at some sea-mosses artistically arranged about roses made of tiny shells—don't have roses

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enough out here, so they make them out of shells.

Wading in the sand up to the board walk made up our minds 'twas all moonshine looking for moonstones on Redondo beach.

The hotel here is very large, and the grounds around it have plants of the cactus tribe, laentinas, creeping vines, rare exotics, palms, geraniums, and roses, roses, roses. We were told by going a little further we would come to the coronation gardens; but these were coronation gardens enough for Uncle Jim and Aunt Jemimy.

Sight-seers all want to visit the San Gabriel Mission, so we followed the crowd and went. On the way passed through Alhambra—not the Alhambra that Washington Irving has written so enthusiastically about, but California's Alhambra, where blossom and tropical foliage run riot, where there are magnificent private gardens, vine-clad trellises adorning the suburban homes,

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and well-kept lawns, and where they pick oranges from December until June and where you can look from the mountains over these groves.

Isn't this fine enough country to stay in without going any further? But on we went to the Mission and arrived there just in time to hear the bells ring out the noon hour. As the doors were opened only a small number entered to go through; the admission is twenty-five cents, and the money obtained goes toward keeping the old stone building in repair.

There were numerous curios and postal cards for sale in the souvenir shop just opposite. Among these were pictures of a stairway leading to the Mission, of the bells that had just rung out their chimes; miniature ones made of the same metal that had a delightfully musical jingle; of the baptismal font where thousands of Indians had been baptized; and a little booklet giving a

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very interesting description of the Mission, so I'll not tell you any more about it, but ask you to come to this sacred spot where thousands of tourists annually come, and see for yourself.

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CHAPTER III.

SIGHT SEEING CONTINUED

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CHAPTER III.

SIGHT SEEING CONTINUED

E have taken different cars and ridden over residential portions of the city where there are many elegant mansions of varied and rich architecture, not of the bungalow type, but large palatial houses with ample surroundings, also among the homes of the lowly poorer classes of people, where the bright scarlet geraniums here too have sway; into a number of adjacent towns, Whittier, named for our dearly beloved poet; Edendale, where they make moving picture films; Glendale, with its pleasantly located sanitarium; Pasadena where everybody goes at first, having heard so much about its beauty and wealth; Altadena farther on, nestling so lovingly at the foot of Mt. Lowe; San Pedro, the Angel City's growing harbor.

Saw the steamers Yale, Harvard, and

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Beaver—went on board the latter—baby steamers they are compared with those in New York harbor, but didn't go to Catalina Island which we could see in the distance, and where people go out in glass-bottomed boats to behold the wonders and beauties in the depths of the ocean; didn't go 'cause I don't like the water, and feared I might have a similar experience to that of Tenderfoot once on a time.

Something most always does happen when I'm on it. Why! one time on Lake George there came up a terrific thunder-storm when a party of us were on our way to a missionary conference at Silver Bay, N. Y. The sky was black and threatening, and the lightning, you never saw sharper, and thunder, you never heard louder, and rain, you never saw more copious, and it beat with such terrific furry right against our poor little steamer, that a lady said to me: "Well, if it goes down, my all will go too, for they're

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with me," but it didn't go and the Captain bravely anchored us in safety.

Another time on steamer Captain Visger, on St. Lawrence river, there came up another thunder-storm, and the rain just poured down and down, and we went down with it—all but Uncle Jim for he wasn't along those days—down into the cabin and stayed there while the rain kept pouring, and the thunder roaring and the lightning flashing, 'til we got way 'round the Islands—thousand of them, they say there are—and the Captain anchored us in safety.

Still another time on same boat, starting out for another tour, there came up yet another terrible thunder-storm, and I said: "I'm not going 'round these Islands again in a thunder-storm," so got off at St. Lawrence Park with some Westerners who were doing the same thing.

One time when I was relating these experiences to Cousin Charles who was out in

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an open boat on the Arctic ocean, some years ago, and one of the occupants was drowned, and he, himself, dragged to the shore, he didn't *say*, but I know he *thought*, my thrilling sailing experiences weren't much compared to his and a great many others in the world, but they were quite enough for Aunt Jemimy.

Beats all how many Sans and Santas there are in California. San Pedro and San Bernardino, and San Gabriel, and Santa Monica, Santa Anna, Santa Fe, Santa Barbara, San Diego, San Jose, San Joaquin, Santa Rosa, and how many others, don't know, but San Francisco takes the lead of them all 'cause the Panama Exposition's going to be there in 1915. Hurrah!

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CHAPTER IV.

IN THE REALM OF MUSIC

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CHAPTER IV.

IN THE REALM OF MUSIC

E were on the West Jefferson car last night when Uncle Jim said: "You can go there some other time," and I replied, "So we can," only I told the conductor to let us off at West Pico Street and to call out the name when we came to it; but I always follow Jim's advice when it suits me, and on we went, putting off our anticipated call 'til some other time.

"West Pico Street," loudly said the conductor, who looked non-plussed toward us, and the passengers more so, seeing we kept our seats and rode along.

What curious names these U. S. city streets do have! Some of them are named for men, some for things, some for fruits, some have largely to do with figures, but Figueroa takes the cake, have to twist my tongue every time I try to say it, and to

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hear anyone say it with a stammering tongue would drive Uncle Jim into hysterics, if men had them, but they don't.

How nice it did seem when we got down town to see the streets all lit up so beautifully; and as we stepped off the car not to see a 'mobile in front of us, 'mobile to right of us, 'mobile to left of us, 'mobile behind us, a snorting and thundering as we did in the daytime, and so we got there a little earlier to Blanchard's Hall on Broadway, where was to be a Bird Recital by the California School of Artistic Whistling.

Elevator wasn't running, so we all had to walk up, but I'd walk to Nova Scotia to hear such a recital. They have them every year, so a lady said who sat beside me, and she made it a point to go every year. I'd make it a hundred. Having climbed up stairs, the usher gave me a program, a perfect little gem in itself with a colored picture of two dear little birds on a branch in one corner,

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and on one side, was a quotation from Ruskin as follows: "All one's life is music, if one touches the notes rightly and in tune."

The plainly finished hall was one very pleasant to be in, but not large enough for Bird Recitals like this, for the people kept pouring in and pouring in, young mothers with babies, little boys and girls, young men and maidens, old men and ladies, in fact, persons of all ages, 'til the hall was pack, jam full. Couldn't possibly help noticing those two ladies dressed in the height of fashion going up and down the aisle, one of them with a costly plume waving to and fro, and saying to the other: "Well, if we can't get a seat together, we'll have to be separated." Uncle Jim and I got one together.

There's an end to all things and the end to that waiting time came at last, and oh, what a pretty scene rose to view. The stage was all decorated with palms, and bird-cages, with song birds in them; and a chorus

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of young ladies and gentlemen whistled, and whistled, sonorously whistled. The first whistling soloist to appear was a young lad who whistled "The Lark's Song," and he did it sweetly as a lark; so did another young lad whistle, "Afar the Mounting Lark doth Soar." For the third number on the program two little girls came out, one of them personating Old Bob White, who kept calling, and calling, and his calls were answered by her chum with sonorous whistles. Just imagine the pretty picture if you can. "Three Little Baby Birds" fairly took you off your seat, when three little tots stood there abreast and held up their little arms and whistled something sweet as they were, and to cap it all the centre one stepped in front and whistled, and whistled, 'til you wanted to take her up and give her one good hug.

Another trio appeared for the final number, "The Birds and the Brook." The

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Brook was a man, and a maiden and a married lady interpolated his solos.

But wasn't it just splendid to listen to this final trio, and all these well trained young people in the art of whistling. All honour to the teachers.

But the young entertainers wer'n't all whistlers. A charming little damsel played a minuet on the violin by Gluck most beautifully, and "If I Were a Bird" for two pianos, played by two little girls, and "The Humming Bird," a piano solo by a young lady, were also charming numbers. The Nigthingale's song, a vocal solo, added much to the variety; this was rendered by Miss Jacques, and Jack would certainly liked to have squeezed her for doing so beautifully had he been there; and Oh! the flowers at this recital, the carnations and roses, those beautiful posies, done up in baskets, and bouquets, and various ways, that the lads and lassies had to carry off the stage were

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lovely marks of appreciation, and I wish everybody might hear such music, and see such a wealth of flowers.

At another time Uncle Jim and I climbed way to the top of one of the greatest auditoriums in this great world to hear Jan Kubelik. You all know he is the little Bohemian virtuoso, who has risen to the front rank of violinistists and still under thirty. We went to the afternoon recital because the program advertised was more colossal, and diversified than the evening one; moreover, he was to run the gauntlet of violin literature.

Didn't get the tickets 'til the very last minute, and there were dozens of them standing in a long row way out on to the sidewalk, as is usual at such a time—stood two hours once to get in to hear Patti—but we got them at last, Jack at a pinch, and jostled in with the rest up, up, up, and still up we kept going, and a going, 'til the usher

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told us what seats to take just to hear Jan Kubelik, and we heard him and saw him, and felt him.

The Tribune says, "Technique is Kubelik's greatest asset and that there is nothing more that this great Bohemian can learn of technique"; however that may be, he just made his violin sing, and trill, and warble like a bird. At times he played as if he would burst the strings, pausing to wipe the sweat from his white brow, then again so softly, and sweetly, that one must pay close attention to hear the melodious notes. To my mind the "Ave Mariah" of Schubert—Wilhelmj came nearest having a soul under his fingers, and I shall never forget how close he kept to his famous accompanist, Ludwig Schwab, who has been with him so many years, how he did hug that violin, how nimbly, and gracefully the small white fingers—white as his face—moved; the sweeping of the bow across the strings; the

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numerous low bows in response to repeated encores; but more than all, that delightful, thrilling, wonderful music.

The other night no less than three Glee Clubs, the Pomona, Occidental, University of Southern California and the Y. M. C. A. Tri-Quartette united and gave the angels a rousing good treat, and they were helped to do it by a charming soloist, and pianist; the soloist came out all covered with spangles from top to toe. Oh, my! How she did sparkle and shine, and how sweetly she did warble, fairly won those big bouquets, and it isn't any exaggeration to say that the pianist was a match for her in his line. But those Glee Club boys, and that quartette, all in their smart suits, just imagine them coming out and singing songs to make you shake your sides again and again with laughter, but when the lights went out and "Carry me back to Ole Virgini" was sung, I just wanted to cry, and so would you, had

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you been there. All honor to that happy company.

There isn't any end to the musical attractions here in Los Angeles. Besides the Symphony Orchestra and all the brilliant local talent, the Paris Grand Opera is here with all their star vocalists, picked chorus, and orchestra. De Pachmann comes soon. You all know he is a Pole, and getting old, but has lost none of the fire of youth any more than Bernhardt, and he knows more about Chopin than anybody else living. Why! he has seven Chopin numbers down on his program, but he gives us variety as well, a sonata by Mozart; Ende vom Lied by Schumann; Spinning Song by Mendelssohn; Menuet by Moszkowski; and a Rondon Brilliante by Weber-Henselt.

Madam Schumann-Heink is coming and how many others, don't know,but 'twill be kept up 'til the season closes, and so goodby to the Realm of Music.

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CHAPTER V.

GOING TO CHURCH

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CHAPTER V

GOING TO CHURCH

OME one made the careless remark before we came, that there wasn't any religion in Los Angeles, and we hadn't been here a week before the Persian who rents a room opposite us asked Uncle Jim if he were a Christian, and when we were on the car going to Whittier, a lady handed each of us a leaflet with a solemn question on it, and afterward asked him if he'd read it, and if he were a Christian; now, if that isn't religion I don't know what is.

When we were going to Garvanzah, a lady invited us to go with her to the Tabernacle in Highland Park where Evangelistic meetings were being held; said 'twould do us good to go.

Now, if asking us to go to a place that would do us good isn't religion, I don't know what is.

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Then there are so many churches that we've been to, Presbyterian, and Methodist, and Baptist, and Episcopal, and Congregational, and so many that we havn't been to, the Unitarian, English Lutheran, Catholic, Christian Scientist—no less than seven of them—and the way they pour into them isn't slow, and 'bout all the churches we've been to were just chock full; the music in them all was just fine, and the preaching too.

I wish to emphasize one man's preaching in particular. The Rector took for his text Gal. 4, 18: "But it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." Jesus, he said, was an enthusiast, and Paul also; that there were too many luke-warm Christians; that we need to put more enthusiasm into our religion, business, and every walk in life. Why, the minister in the Auditorium last Sunday said, that one of the profession made the remark that a man ought not to go out all over anywhere and everywhere preaching;

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he ought to stay right in his pulpit and preach right there every time.

Now, didn't Jesus go out all over, I'd like to know, and don't Gypsy Smith, who's coming here, and Chapman, and all other evangelists, and didn't Moody and all those who are now doing it in the new Jerusalem, once do it here? I guess they did. Their very enthusiasm has made them multitudes of converts.

How can one be an evangelist unless he is an enthusiast? Hav'n't all such enthusiasts caught the spirit of enthusiasm most truly and effectively about which this Episcopal rector preached most eloquently! One must feel very deeply to be an enthusiast, and how can anybody discount the emotional element that enters so largely into evangelization? Why, the rector was so enthusiastic that he almost jumped out of the pulpit, and that Baptist minister is so enthusiastic over the coming of Gypsy Smith

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that he preached a sermon last Sunday 'bout "When the Gypsy comes to town," and a gentleman soloist sang, "The Gypsy Boy," and they're all preparing, and a preparing for his coming, only a few days hence, neighborhood prayer meetings, and public ones, and choir rehearsals, and so forth.

Uncle Jim and I tried to hear the big Methodist bishop from Oklahoma City in the morning, but couldn't noways get in, tried all the entrances—never saw a church before with so many—and all through there was a sea of heads; and we got tired mounting so many stairs, and seeing nothing but heads, heads, heads, so we moved on to the Auditorium; and 'twas just so there; and by going up, up, up, made a motion to go in when we came to a going in place. "No seats in here said the usher."

"We can stand," I said. No, "'gainst the law to stand," was the rejoinder.

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So we moved up, up, up, all the time consoling myself with the thought that there is always room at the top, and sure enough there was, and found a seat where we could hear that splendid chorus choir, and the big organ, and those beautiful soloists, and all about Gypsy Smith's coming to town.

As Bishop Quayle was to preach in the University church in the evening, went there to hear him, being close by. 'Twas very early when we got there, but the numerous automobiles were at the door, and all the seats were taken but two or three in the last row, enough room for Uncle Jim and me, so in we went, and would have been well fixed, had it not been for that towering big hat right in front and a big woman's persisting in squeezing into our pew that was already chock full. 'Twas a genuine squeeze, that was. Couldn't stand up with the others when they sang noways, and when they sat down, 'twas another hard squeeze,

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and the young lad at my left kept tittering and tittering; so did the young maiden at his side—'twas fun for them, but not for Aunt Jemimy—but that's not all, Uncle Jim at my right kept frowning and a frowning, and the thought of that squeeze in the morning between two buxom darkies on the way to hear the bishop was tormenting and I couldn't stand any more, so said to Uncle Jim, "Let's go, and so we were again on the move."

There's always room for one more didn't prove true that time, but we were there long enough to hear the Bishop say that he'd crossed the Great American Divide by train, by wagon, and on foot, and a journey across the continent was one that an angel might covet; and to hear another fine chorus, and a gentleman sing, "Open the Gates of the Temple," and I'd be squeezed again, patiently too, just to hear him.

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We must all make up our minds to be willing to be squeezed, and squeezed, when the Gypsy comes to town.

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CHAPTER VI.

EATING PLACES

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CHAPTER VI.

EATING PLACES

IT was a cosy, delightful one that we were in last night. Emerson and Mary sent word for us to come over and wouldn't missed going for anything, for they are such travellers, been almost everywhere except across the water, on it lots of times, from New York to New Orleans, on their way to Los Angeles; to Alaska, Prince Rupert, and Vancouver, not to mention hundreds of other places. Used to live in New York City until they came here, and Mary, she's just carried away with it, 'specially the climate.

Well, I knew we should hear something worth hearing, so over we went. Came near being run over by three 'mobiles, and had to stand good part of the way, for the car was chock full of travellers, but we got there at last, and after supper Emerson hung up the

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large map that he'd brought from the office, and with his big cane from Alaska pointed out interesting routes for travel, 'specially emphasizing the one that Mary's Aunt Hattie was soon to take back to Williamstown, Mass. When he had finished Mary handed me a magazine that tells all about mines, also their voting invitations, saying: "We've got the start of you."

Because I'm not a citizen, but you just wait 'til then, said I.

Yes, we're living in a tremendous age, the men all the time doing tremendous things, and the women are too, and among the latest is voting. Women have carried the day here in California, and perhaps they will all over, hope so, if they want to. The West always comes to the front nowadays in almost everything, and will in everything after that big exposition in San Francisco.

About the biggest thing that one sees down here in this Angel City is eating.

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'Tis a tremendous big business. This eating is the biggest there is in the whole world, for it supports all other business. Why, man couldn't do anything without eating. Eating makes everything go right along and you should just see the way they eat at the cafaterias—don't know how many there are, but seems as if every other door down town was a cafateria, and they do have such a medley of names. Puritan, where clean people go; White Rose, where pretty people go; Quaker, where still people go; and Colby and Reed's, where everybody goes and hears the beautiful musicians from the Hawaiian Islands while they are eating.

Why, there wouldn't be any science, any art, any music, any literature, any anything under the sun without eating, nothing would go if it weren't for eating, no nothing, and no wonder there are so many eating places, not only cafaterias, but restaurants, Italian, English, Irish and Spanish, with all sorts of

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high sounding names, and cafes, some of them perfect bowers of beauty, dairy lunch rooms, grill rooms, and hotels where they ask from twenty-five cents to two dollars and over a plate.

But by far the best eating places we've been to were at Cousin Emerson's and Mary's and at Christmas time at Charles's with their pretty bungalow all decorated with holly from Hollywood, and poinsettas, and Christmas bells, and beautiful gifts, and bountifully laden table, and those Montgomery children with one all to themselves, and baby Rosemary watching us with her big blue eyes. Oh, that happy Christmas time! All honor to the Martha's who are doing their best to serve in a culinary way. 'Tis noble to preach and fight for the right. 'Tis also noble to give a good bite.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE AVIATION MEET

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CHAPTER VII.

THE AVIATION MEET

VERYBODY is talking about the Aviation Meet to be held at Dominguez field, and as Uncle Jim and I go to everything of importance that comes along so far as we can, we couldn't afford to miss this, 'specially as there were to be so many birdmen, forty of them, and women birds too. Balloons, dirigibles, aeroplane races, contests, sham battles, parachute jumps, two bands, a married couple to go soaring way up in the sky, and to have a wedding cake made at Jevne's to cost seventy-five dollars—biggest one in the world—and the Meet is to last a whole week. Didn't feel much like taking any notice of the great event after hearing about how one of the bird men was killed in one of those dreadful machines, and he so young, and so educated, straight from Yale, and his mother

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a widow, and so far, far away; but the world moves on if distressing things do continually happen; so we moved on with the others on the Pacific Electric out to the fields, expecting to see plain level fields, but the cars stopped at the foot of hills, and at the top of these hills were the Aviation Fields, where all the birds were, no not all, for on the cars we saw some of them soaring around in the air, and a lady said to Uncle Jim: "Aint that poorty?" But I didn't think so, knowing what had happened.

Well, the gateman said the fare in was twenty-five cents, and a seat on the grandstand at the top was twenty-five more; and there were already thirty thousand people up there; and it cost seventy-five thousand dollars to manage the affair; so according to the rate of attendance 'twouldn't take long to pay expenses.

There was a stairway to the top, and either side of this was prettily decorated with small

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flags, and along the 'mobile road inside the gate, were larger flags and small pennants flapping away in the gentle breeze, which made another pretty sight. Parallel with this stairway was a winding road up, so you could have your choice between the two ways on foot, and a 'mobile ride was free to all inside the gate. Venders outside were constantly crying, "Aviation souvenirs for sale."

Somebody said, "'Twas wheels that made the things go up, and when they came down they lit on wheels, and 'twas such a beautiful sight to see them, and while we were standing there, we could see the birds soaring, now low, now high, way up in the clouds 'til it almost broke our necks to look at them, and as 'twas growing cold, I said to Jim, "I guess we've seen and heard enough for today, so we'll take the first car that comes along which proved to be one that we had to leave soon at a small junction, only to see

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more birds a soaring and a soaring 'til another car came along which we took with the others, feeling that perhaps we had missed the most prominent part of the program that was to be given in the evening. It didn't come off owing to the heavy fog; but it's to come off this evening, and 'tis a battle from the sky, most thrilling spectacle ever staged, and these birds are going up one thousand feet in the air to have a battle with land and sea forces, and the sky is to be illuminated by searchlights from U. S. warships in San Pedro harbor, sent by the navy department to experiment in discerning aeroplanes in the sky at night. First time ever attempted and there are to be two whole tons of pyrotechnic surprises. Just think of it. What will man conjure up next? The good Lord only knows.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE OSTRICH FARM

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE OSTRICH FARM

HY 'tis called a farm, I'm puzzled to know. My idea of a farm is a whopping big lot of land, acres, and acres, and acres, like those all over Nebraska and Dakota. However, 'tis called the ostrich farm, and that's another first thing that tourists go to in California—the Camston ostrich farm. We didn't noways want to be behind the times, so we stopped off on our way to Pasadena.

There were ten visitors, or so, going to the farm at the same time, and such a farm as we saw. Isn't any such in any of those prairie states. Such beautiful grounds, rich in the splendor of verdurous growth, such palms, and such flowers, and such foliage can't be found anywhere.

After we had traversed the entrance grounds the guide took us out where the

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birds were, and we go where they are every time, have taken in that delightful Bird Recital and the Aviation birds, and this time 'twas the ostrich birds.

To see the real bird, and to see him perform is very different from seeing a picture of one. I *do declare,* he's the homeliest bird I ever did set eyes on, so ill-proportioned; and he has such a homely gait; stalks along when he moves; nothing graceful about him. Large body, long legs, and such a long neck. Over the fence it would go, and he kept acting all the time as if he would like to bite us. A gentleman nearby did suffer an abrasion of the skin, and gave us a word of warning.

The birds were paired off in separate enclosures, George and Martha Washington, Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt, Major and Mrs. McKinley, King George and Queen Mary, and so forth. We saw the living plumes displayed by the birds themselves as the

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guide lifted up their great wings and passed his hands through the feathers, and also the prepared ones on exhibition in an adjoining building.

He said that the average life of the bird is from forty to fifty years—though many have been known to live a hundred—that he was very fond of anything that sparkled; and of snatching and swallowing pieces of jewelry, if he has a chance; is dangerous when angered; so for this reason are kept securely confined within their enclosures. That they like to be constantly eating, and live on alfalfa, grain, vegetables, and oranges. It has been said that his little brain—which is so small in proportion to his body—is very foolish, and that it is powerless to keep the unruly body from performing all sorts of silly evolutions every now and then.

We didn't see any of their antics, but among other things couldn't help noticing their feet which have two powerful toes, one

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of them much larger than the other, which adds much to the queerness of their appearance. We saw the incubators, some baby birds, and some large white eggs that looked as if they might weigh a pound each; some of these were hand-painted, and sold for more.

And don't you think before we left, each one was invited to sit astride the bird and have his picture taken? Not I, had it taken last summer in the Garden of the Gods, under a balanced rock near Manitou, Colo., standing beside a burro that had been taken thousands of times, and Uncle Jim he sat astride the burro with a broad-brimmed hat, and still broader smile. All I got out of it was making a heap of fun for those that were near at hand, as well as those that were far away, when they should get the picture. Didn't get me in any such situation again, a standing there all the time fearing that big rock might tumble down on us.

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But I imagine riding an ostrich is some different from riding a burro. One thing is certain, he'd get along much faster on the ostrich, if he habitually takes such long strides as we saw him do.

Well, we all left the farm feeling that it was as good as going to a circus.

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CHAPTER IX.

WILLIAM'S RANCH

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CHAPTER IX.

WILLIAMS' RANCH

HEN Minnie and her mother came in and asked us where we should ride to in their automobile that stood in front of the house, with Charles in it, all ready to take us, I said: "Out to the ranch, of course," for never having been to one, and not knowing but we might see and hear some birds out there, I naturally had a curiosity, that was by no means a small 'osity, to see what kind of a thing a ranch was. Had read something about them and heard Mrs. Thayre say that she bought one in California last summer for $1,350.00, and let it out to a husbandman to work, intending to make lots of money and went back East to tell her story.

I heard it in the Rocky mountains at Manitou; didn't see any ranches there among those mountains and rocks, but did

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see some of the most sublime scenery on God's earth. Mt. Manitou, where the cables are all the time hauling loads and loads of people up and down an almost perpendicular incline, Pike's Peak, where you have to go up the cog road by steam—the cogs are what keep the trains within bounds and from going too fast and so insure safety—or walk up, or ride on burros and they're ugly as sin sometimes. There's the Cripple Creek trip, the High Drive, trip to the Royal Gorge, Cave of the Winds, and to gather wild flowers, to the Garden of the Gods, and trips all over. Trips you can never forget, no, never; and you meet so many people who are on their way back from California, and, notwithstanding they are in such a sublime picturesque country, they keep talking about California, and how they're going to sell out, pack up and move out, aren't going to stay any longer in a country where they have to shovel tons of coal every year to keep warm.

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Seeing Williams' ranch almost made us want to own one right away. He said 'twas worth $15,000.00 which is a heap of money when one hasn't fifteen cents.

He took us all around the yard to see the chickens that had small painted houses to live in, with plenty of room, and that gave evidence of being well cared for, the ducks a sailing and the turkeys strutting, the horses and cows feeding in the pasture, the great barn filled with provender, the numerous piles of clean wood from the long row of eucalyptus trees that had just been cut down, the nice carriage with cheerful looking lamp at the side, the large pepper trees on either side of the cottage, the graceful willow with a mound all around it ready for nasturtium planting.

A little further on the driveway past the house, the huge windmill in the rear with a room done off in the lower part for storage; the long stretches of land on all sides, the

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house modern throughout, sunlit, and cheerful, and the talking machine singing Beautiful Isle of Somewhere and religious songs, and Muggins the old cat purring and purring away, and Eva, Williams' wife, telling about the doings close by, how the California Glee Club came out and sang to them, and a famous police woman was coming to speak to them, and how interested they both were in church work, made for us a charming picture of home life on a ranch.

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CHAPTER X.

GYPSY SMITH

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CHAPTER X.

GYPSY SMITH

HAT is it," I said to a man the other day, "what is it that makes such great numbers of people go to hear Gypsy Smith, this great evangelist that's come to this Angel City."

"Curiosity," was the prompt reply.

Man's curiosity is greater than a woman's any day, or he wouldn't be so ready to say curiosity. Only wish I'd gone to hear that minister preach on the subject last Sunday, and I'd have been better fortified with an answer.

Now I don't believe they go from curiosity or any other 'osity to hear him. It's the Holy Spirit of God that moves them. Why! you just ought to see them push, and jostle, and tumble, and squeeze their way into the Shriners' Auditorium where the meetings are being held.

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Sunday night Uncle Jim and I went and came near getting killed in the vestibule, where they were so rude carrying us in the air, almost off from our feet, laughing, shouting, groaning, but we got in, and I all the time wondering if this was the right way to get religion, and soon found out 'twas the way to get what we had lost, for he preached all about the lost Christ, how Mary lost him in the temple and didn't know it, which was the case with many of us, we had lost Him and hadn't come to a realizing sense of it, but we must else we couldn't belong to Him.

To find the Christ we must lay all our sins bare before Him in penitence, and contrition, and the handkerchiefs went to the faces to wipe the eyes that were suffused with tears, as he told about the Chicago bachelor, who had an illegitimate little boy and girl, and he was in such great distress and trouble, that he sent for the learned Dr.

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Gunsaulus to come and advise him. The celebrated Divine answered the call and the man told him that the beautiful young mother had died, and was then lying in the cemetery, and the little boy and girl still living, and that he had just heard Gypsy Smith preach about the Lost Christ, and how he must find Him, just where he had lost Him.

"Now, do you think I ought to make this little incident in my life public?" he asked the Reverend gentleman.

"I do," he replied, then departed, and the man sent for the little ones, but there was only one to come, for the little girl had crossed over, and the little boy returned to the prodigal, who openly acknowledged his heinous sin, and so found the lost Christ.

Oh, man of the world is it curiosity merely, that prompts men to go and hear the truth?

No, a thousand times no, it is disease,

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and sin-sickness of the soul, and the Holy Spirit of God that urges them, rather. They go and hear the simple message of salvation from the lips of the Evangelist and tell others the story, and they in turn go and hear.

Is it curiosity that makes the cars all line up out here on Wesley Avenue to accommodate those who want to hear him, and the 'mobiles too, on Jefferson Street, all along in front of the Shriners Auditorium, in which he speaks. Is it curiosity that calls out the personal workers; the singers; the men's meetings in the Temple Auditorium on Sunday; the men's parade that same day; and all these helps in the blessed work? I know what you will say: "Gypsy Smith is doing all this."

No, not he at all, 'tis the Holy Spirit's work. Why, there isn't any need of a minister's meeting in the least, to know the

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secret of his power; 'tis the Holy Spirit, Heavenly dove working through him.

"Then, why doesn't he work through everybody," perhaps you will say. 'Cause everybody won't let him; they wont let the Heavenly Stranger in, as the hymn says, "Then everybody isn't fitted for the work; but everybody can work in some way for the Master under the Holy Spirit's influence.

Oh, man of the world, so hasty to censure, and condemn; hav'n't you lost the Christ? Hav'n't we all lost Him? If so, let us be honest with ourselves, and honest before our God in confessing it, and finding Him who alone is able to make us wise unto salvation, who alone makes life worth living here, and who alone will take us to glory.

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CHAPTER XI.

LAUREL CANYON

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CHAPTER XI.

LAUREL CANYON

'M just this minute longing for a sight of the beautiful laurel blossoms that one sees growing so profusely in New England. Seems as if every other flower grew 'round here but that, and I thought perhaps it might grow up there in the Canyon, being it's named Laurel, out near Hollywood. Uncle Jim and I took a trip out there for to see. On the Laurel Canyon car we went, and when we reached the place where we were to take the car that was to carry us up, we all went for it, 'bout a dozen or more, Uncle Jim and I 'long with the others, 'cause we wer'n't going to be left behind to walk up. Most wished we had, for the thing did go so, and sound so, it jerked and jiggled, and wriggled; once it stopped all of a sudden and one of the passengers said it had got off the track, and I didn't

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see how that could possibly be, for there wasn't any track for it to get off from—being a trackless trolley—it just went right along in the road, and had one of those things in front like what they have in autos; and the motorman turned it, as the chaffeur man turns his, but there wasn't any gasolene to make it go. It just went by electricity, and when it stopped the motorman got out and pulled something to let us know it, and make it go on to Bungalow Land without any track to go on. Did you ever? What will man invent next?

We didn't see any laurel, but we did see trees, and trees, and high hills, hills, hills all around and in front, for the road was such a winding one, 'bout as winding for a road as Lake George in New York is for a lake, and many of the trees looked as if they were filled with bird's nests, and the hills didn't have anything on them, only scrub bushes, like those in the desert country over the

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Salt Lake route, but Uncle Jim saw some ripening strawberries and blossoming peas—doesn't that sound pleasant—on the way, and the first of February too.

On we went 'til we came to a fine building on a high hill almost straight up over our heads and looked as if it might tumble right down on to us, and very near it was a sign to buy and build. Just think of it, building in such a place as that! Next, we came to another sign that read: Why not live in Lovely? Where under the sun is Lovely? I asked. What a stupid question when we are all the time living there in the Angel City. Isn't it lovely to be living among the Angels? "Lovely must be up there"—I said to Uncle Jim—noticing a road up the hill at the right. We didn't go up, but kept on 'til we reached the end of the route. Where all the people who were in the car with us went to, I don't know, only one man who followed us up

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some steps into the Inn; the others vanished quicker than a wink.

The Inn had a long row of rustic chairs on the piazza and every one of them was empty. Inside, the waiter told us, they didn't have anything but sandwiches and soft drinks, and we left for that bubbling stream at the foot of the Inn just riveted our attention; hadn't seen any water all the way, and this was truly a sparkling gem in our eyes.

Going down the steps noticed that the trackless trolley was just about to go down—for such it was advertised to be, the first one in America—and a lady and little girl getting into it, and came to the conclusion that we'd get in and go down too, as we didn't care to take the road in front of the Inn, leading up Lookout mountain, which they said was two miles further up, and there was no trackless trolley to take us, which, if it did jerk and jiggle and wriggle, was far better than

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walking up, over that dusty road, at that time of day, with the hot California sun pouring right down on to us. Wondered why they didn't have burros to take us up, as they did up the mountain of the same name at Golden, near Denver City.

Well, we got in, and the motorman set the thing 'going, and it went, and went, down, down, down, and I a working with all my might to keep my seat, and screaming, "Don't go so fast," "Don't go so fast," and hearing the man at one side say—Uncle Jim was on the other perfectly unruffled—"Went down in three minutes and a half once," which ruffled me all the more, but on the motorman pushed, disregarding all the speed posters, and danger curves, all the way 'til we got down—and if I didn't—ought to have said a prayer of thankfulness to God for keeping us from harm.

Laurel Canyon is all very well if you can keep the Great Gorge one out of mind; you

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ride seven or eight miles into that and only a mile or two into Laurel, and you go on the track all the way with gigantic towering rocks on either side, so high, they almost reach the sky.

Just think of riding many miles between sky high rocks on either side, and the bubbling, seething waters of the river on one side at the foot of the rocks, and seeing the pipe line water supply for Canyon City, the biggest pipe you ever saw, and that wonderful hanging bridge, and then when you get to the end of the Gorge, and the long train of cars stops, and you leave your seat to go and take the skyline drive at the top of the Gorge, you'll feel as if you never wanted to take anything grander. Many a famous traveller says, 'tis one of the great drives of the world, so is the High Drive, and all other drives among the Rockies are alive with interest beyond description, and when we were all ready to leave the Gorge the

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train had to be backed out all the way between those stupendous rocks.

I'm so glad we went to Laurel Canyon if we didn't get any laurel, 'cause now we can say we've ridden on a trackless trolley—first in America. Don't miss it, and while you are on the way, go further on up to Lookout mountain.

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CHAPTER XII.

PREACHING

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CHAPTER XII.

PREACHING

BEATS all what a preaching city this Angel City is. Three big men here in one Sunday. Dr. Wilfred Grenfell who has written a pile of books 'bout Labrador and the people there, and every one of them but one, is advertised for so much with a net, can't think of him without a net noways, for he's most all the time 'mong the fishermen, off on the rocks, and down to the sea, and adrift on an ice pan, and down north on the Labrador, and he's killed reindeer, fifty of them. Uncle Jim and I heard him say so yesterday, and he's raised thousands of dollars for his beloved work, and now he's here himself to tell us all about it, and to raise more money for it.

If you desire to become a member of the Grenfell Association of America, all you

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have to do is to pay two dollars, and this will not only make you a member, but you will get a quarterly magazine, entitled "Among the Deep Sea Fishers," which will be well worth reading, for we all like fishes when they're caught and in the frying pan, but perhaps this isn't the kind that the magazine tells about. Probably these fishers are fishing for men like Gypsy Smith, who's pulling them in fast nowadays, but Dr. Grenfell catches both kinds, and the fishes are to feed the men after they're caught. The fishers couldn't fish at all if it weren't for eating Dr. Grenfell, or anybody else. If Gypsy Smith does say, "Life isn't all dining room," a good part of it is, and there's to be a big banquet for Dr. Grenfell pretty soon at Hamburger's, given by the California Students' League.

Furthermore, he said yesterday that "Life is worth having not for what *it* can give us, but for what we can give *it;* that following

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Christ is what makes life worth while, and he tries to follow Him in enduring so many hardships for so many years in that frigid land, erecting hospitals, doing surgical work, and introducing milk giving animals and vegetables into the country."

Hardship tells little upon him and his genial, pleasant face makes you want to know more about him and his work. He talks like his books and is certainly a very wonderful man in a very wonderful country, a learned Doctor of medicine, and surgery, and being thus educated, has a yet wider field for his activity and doing good.

Gypsy Smith was marching all 'round the city at the head of thousands with Bibles in their hands, singing "Where He Leads I Will Follow," being watched by thousands more, and the good mayor joined him in the midst of hooting, taunting opposition, proclaiming the name of Jesus, thus claiming the promise, "Blessed are ye when men shall

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revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake."

Yesterday was tag day, on the streets they were selling them at a rapid rate at ten cents each, Gideon Bible tags to put bibles into all the hotels of the city—only hope they'll take time to read them—and he's to be here a whole week yet pulling in the fishes.

Another big man, Rev. R. A. Torrey, preaches in the Auditorium Sunday afternoons. Why! the Christian Herald says that his works have been translated into more different languages and dialects than those of any other clergyman living or dead, and now, after years of travel, has come here to be the Dean of the Bible Institute.

Just think of it, all these noted men here the same day, besides all the brilliant local talent in the city pulpits.

Now all such men as these have bushels instead of pints of talent—they are the

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greater lights—therefore so much the more accountable when the Master cometh and calleth for them; lights that one has a chance to see only occasionally; but there are preaching ones that one does see often, and all around everywhere. Lesser lights they are, and preaching in a different way, and one doesn't have to call them up either, they are right before you doing the Master's work in a consecrated, self-denying homespun way for the Master's sake, meriting the commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

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CHAPTER XIII.

ADVERTISING

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CHAPTER XIII.

ADVERTISING

UNCLE Jim's all the time telling me to "go on," "go on," down town, when I'm almost frightened to death to go at all, where there are so many 'mobiles in front of you, 'mobiles at right of you, 'mobiles at left of you, 'mobiles behind you, and they just volley and thunder; then there are so many advertising things on wheels, all time making such tremendous noises, that make you feel as if every one of them was going to burst up right away; so many curious ways of advertising things.

Why! There was that tame duck—Minnie called my attention to it. Minnie, Minnie's mother, Uncle Jim and I were on our way from attending a weekly complimentary musical at Barker Brothers, where we arrived in time to hear a young lady sing in four different languages to a room chock

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full, and every one coming out—that wanted it—was given a sheet of music called "The Pioneer's March," with a picture of the brothers on it, and another one showing the Angel City as it was thirty years ago, when they came to town.

Well, the duck waddled along with a blanket over it, advertising diamonds.

"What a way of advertising that is!" I said, right on Broadway and in this crowd, and hubbub. Why on earth don't they keep animals off, when pedestrians can hardly find their way along without being hit and bumped, and jostled, and almost knocked down, pray tell, but Minnie said it had been waddling in this way for years, so I came to the conclusion 'twas no offender.

Why, the subject is so long, so broad, so deep, so high, so low, that I shall only attempt to speak of a few ways of advertising.

When a man says he's going to mail you

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a clever souvenir calendar card—telling about his business, which is the shoe-market one—the first of each month for a whole year, and that the pictures on them are the work of America's foremost cartoonist, and sends this card every month 'way from Omaha to you in Los Angeles, that's what I call long advertising.

When he makes a picture of a man with a smile on his phiz, stretching from ear to ear, saying where he's to appear, that's broad advertising.

When he makes gardens and sinks them to draw people to see them, that's deep advertising.

When he makes bird machines and sends them high up in the air, where everybody can see them, that's high advertising, and when he puts a duck on the sidewalk to peddle diamonds, that's low advertising.

And there is interesting advertising. When a man sits in a beautiful buggy with leather-

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cushioned seat wide enough for two, cheerful looking lamp on either side, and slender wheels painted red, and a handsome Welch pony hitched to it; when such a pretty rig stands right by the curbing where they can all see the sign, "For sale," and the little folks, and big folks, and all sorts of folks keep stopping to look at it and admire it, and saying, how pretty! that's interesting advertising, but I'm going to wind up on this subject by saying that I do sincerely wish we might have nothing but noble, honest advertising. Alas! the germ of dishonesty creeps into too much of it.

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CHAPTER XIV.

ON THE OBSERVATION CAR

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CHAPTER XIV.

ON THE OBSERVATION CAR

RIGHT in the mood for doing some more observing Uncle Jim and I took the Observation car for a ride of two hours and a half about the city, and we both saw and heard so much that 'tis hard to make a collection, but in doing anything one has to make a start so I'll do so without further preamble, or any other amble.

It was somewhat breezy at first 'cause one woman grew red in the face, declaring emphatically she wouldn't go at all, if she had to stand up, saying so again and again, and the ticket seller labored hard to pacify her, saying there was no doubt at all 'bout her having a seat, and after a volley of words she grew quiet, and we other passengers, some forty or more, had to look elsewhere for diversion while we waited standing on the

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walk near the hotel Angelus—where the envelopes and writing paper have miniature pictures of Millet's famous painting on them—for the car to be ready. When it was, just went for it the way tourists do, and shortly after entering I looked around and saw the guide getting his big horn ready to talk through, and the first words I heard were, "Goin' up Broadway and we had forty miles of sightseein' before us." We moved along onto Grand Avenue out towards the University of Southern California to Flower Street, but didn't see any more flowers than on other streets, only lots of elegant residences, past Christ's Episcopal church and turned to the right on to Figueora Street, where the guide said we had to change and that we'd get used to it before the tour was over; and called it change number one. When we were all picking up our traps to get up and go out on to another car, as we had always had to do when

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changing, were told to turn the backs of our seats over and that was all we had to do, and 'twas no sooner said than done.

We were again going, this time north on Figueora Strees, past the Ebell club-house, the Christian Science church with a big dome on it, Concord club-house, Masonic Temple, elegant apartment houses, Friday Morning club-house, Home of the Fraternal Brotherhood; and then came change number two, after which we were on our way to Westlake Park, and soon reached Bimini Springs where the guide said we might leave the cars and stay five minutes, and such diving and swinging and plunging and splashing and floundering in those manufactured water ponds, I never did see. Men and women both swimming, men on the left, and women barred off on the right, in the middle of the afternoon too.

Wonder where they get so much water when it doesn't rain at all; but they'll have

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enough to water the whole country when it comes from the Owens river through that big aqueduct, and all those big tunnels that are being built, why! 'tis going to cost millions and millions of dollars, and coming over two hundred miles, so Mr. Harry E. Brook says.

Before we got to Bimini Springs saw some fanleaf palms—have two kinds out here, date and fanleaf—magnolia, camphor, and young pepper trees, and guide said Westlake boat-house was straight ahead, and there were lots of row-boats and launches on the water.

Then we switched off and went backwards a long way, so as to make a circuit 'round the park, on to Alvarado Street, past the hotel of the same name, where they have pampas leaves that look like big, white ostrich plumes, and other big hotels, and some oil-wells that guide said there was more profit from, than all the gold produced, and fruit

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raised; that the lots in the vicinity were three thousand each, and the houses were all of 'em different. But the chief thing for us to see was the Grand Canyon, as it ran from the mountains to the sea, and when we were all preparing to see something very great, only saw a deep ditch with a tiny little rivulet running along in the bottom of it. Furthermore, he told us to hold on to our hats going over it, when there wasn't any wind blowing at all, nor any signs of any.

Pretty soon we passed some more hotels, the Good Samaritan hospital, and Athletic College building, numerous theatres, the Angel's Flight—a fiight that tourists take 'long with the others in a trolley car to get a little higher up among the angles—Chamber of Commerce, City Hall, Temple Block, P. O. building, La Plaza church—oldest in the city—and going on a little further guide said the place we were coming to was a dangerous one to be going over in the night

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time, and one had to take his chances in the day time; that every nationality was there represented; and some of the Spanish adobes that we were passing were one hundred years old; and one was one hundred and fifty; and the Spanish cemetery was over one hundred years old.

Some men going up the big tower of the trackless fire department next arrested our attention—hadn't seen any trackless things since we left Laurel Canyon—crossed the Los Angeles river which guide said was the dividing line between East and West Los Angeles, and it isn't any river at all, nor hasn't been since we came; but Mr. Brook says, 'tis sometimes transformed into a torrent for a few days in winter, and here were some men with rack-wagons way down in those piles of sand, doing something that guide said was prospectin' and that caused no small amount of merriment.

I had all the time been thinking 'bout the

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pigeon farm that guide said we were coming to when we first started out, finally came to it at a most interesting time, the eating one, got there on a walk beside a long bridge at the left, and large yard at the right with a crouching cow and chickens all over, across a track in front of a big engine, into a little hut, where was a man selling postals all 'bout pigeons, straight into the big yard with brown houses that had holes in them all over, and pigeons on top of them, pigeons to right of them, pigeons to left of them; they didn't "volley and thunder," they squabbled and plundered.

Uncle Jim and I hustled along with the rest—knowing we hadn't but ten minutes—to see all we could, straight to the big yard where they were feeding thousands of them, and were told that they eat over two tons of grain daily. How they managed to eat anything at all is one of the mysteries, for they were close together as love in a huddle.

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Those that were not eating were soaring and soaring, and flapping, and stretching their wings, each waiting his turn to get some grain that the man scattered from his cart. Uncle Jim said, they must eat bread too, and called my attention to a wagon load of it lying on the ground, as we were coming out, also to the shop where they killed them.

What a pity to kill such little beauties, such harmless, innocent little birds; but man's appetite must be appeased. Why! they want dozens of them daily for the diners on trains, and a big price for every dozen, and these flying birds sometimes do lots of harm; a man down on the beach at San Pedro told us the other day that the seagulls flying over those steamers Harvard, Yale, and Beaver, so thick as to obstruct one's vision, eat everything they can possibly get hold of, but they had to let 'em 'cause 'twas 'gainst the law to kill 'em.

The next important thing that we held up

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at, was the ostrich farm at Eastlake park. Guide said he would go in with us, and from there he said, "Will go to the wild animal farm, to be open to the public the latter part of the month." I do wonder what's the use going there if we can't see all those animals and things, and I said so to Uncle Jim, and he said: "Goodness! Gracious! Hav'n't you seen enough for one afternoon? If you hav'n't, I have."

"Why! we have to go to the alligator farm next," I said, "and see hundreds of them. I know you'd much rather see a pretty girl—Allie Gayter—but we must follow the crowd to the place if we don't go on to the farm." Why! there are baby ones, and monster ones—five hundred years old, or more—and you'll see the most curious nests that are machines, and the eggs incubate in them, and all these things to be seen in a beautiful park, and miniature lakes 'specially

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adapted for raising saurians, if you know what those things are, I don't."

"Strange, when you seem to know so much, and hav'n't been there at all. Better wait 'til you get there, before you're so flush," he said.

"Don't the folder say so," and it says too, they train them to shoot the shoot and hypnotize them, and show you how to catch them,"—hope we'll get there when 'tis feeding time, same as 'twas with the pigeons—and here's a picture of two coming down straight into the pond, one's just started, and the other's most way down, and here's two more skedaddling 'round the pond. Just see them."

"See 'em! don't want to see nothin', gettin' tired of this seein' business, but go on into the ostrich farm, get close to guide as you can 'mongst all these sight-seeers, hear every word and don't bother me 'bout 'maginary alligators when we're so near the real ones."

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"You must be thinking 'bout Allie Gayter," said I.

"Do talk sense, not nonsense," was the reply.

Well, we all followed the guide into the ostrich farm and saw those of all ages from four months to years old, and of different sizes—one weighed three hundred and sixty-five pounds—and of different movements, from the hobble-skirt to that of a swift run, those that were plucked, and those that were not; some had pet names, and others had famous ones; and all had that stalking gait, and distressing elongation of the neck, that are its peculiar characteristics.

At the alligator farm some of them got out and some of them didn't, and we that didn't rode back to the city through the manufacturing district, feeling that we had seen sights enough for one afternoon, at least, Uncle Jim and I did.

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CHAPTER XV.

A SOCIAL FUNCTION

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A SOCIAL FUNCTION

UNCLE JIM most always goes where I do, but this time he didn't, 'cause I was going to a woman's meeting, so I said: You can go over onto Arlington Street and stay with the folks while I attend the meeting; and maybe you'll enjoy yourself in that handsome bungalow with an ark on top of it, and beautiful hand-painted pictures of boats sailing on the water on the walls inside, and that costly filigree work all over, and any number of drawers and things, only it hasn't any folding beds with long mirrors, like some of them, but it has a great, big porch, large enough for two rooms with hanging pots of vines clambering way down, and children that chamber further. Why! those Montgomery children would make as good a sub-

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ject for a story as those Brewster children did for Florence Morse Kingsley, if niece would only write it up, but she doesn't hardly have time to breathe now, to say nothing 'bout writing up stories. Now, be sure and take notes of all that's going on, and don't take the children any more balloons to burst, the first time using, nor any more hickory nuts, or pop-corn, to choke themselves with, I said to Uncle Jim as I was going out to attend the D. A. R. meeting.

It does take women to revolutionize things in this topsy-turvy world and what good things these meetings are to help them to it.

Being a daughter, but only one at large, made bold enough to go to the Ebell club-house, where the State Conference was to be held for two days, and I said this to one of the daughters going in, and she extended to me a most cordial welcome, so the chill of going was taken off, and I took a seat

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'long with the rest in that beautiful hall—all decorated with flags—and still more beautiful building, 'mongst all those charming ladies so finely dressed, sweetly appearing and interestingly talking, and heard a delightfully interesting program that was ushered in by the Very Rev. William MacCormack, D. D., who pronounced the invocation, but was sorry not to hear about Mary, the mother of Washington—as the lady who was to read the paper failed to appear—but did hear about Washington himself and Valley Forge.

The speaker, Ex-Governor Wallace, said it was a long call from Valley Forge to Los Angeles and during his time there were many rivers but no bridges—here many bridges but no rivers—and he told us about Deborah Sampson who rendered herself so conspicuous in those days as to don men's clothes and go into the thick of the fight for the sake of patriotism, and Washington had

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Congress give her a pension and a farm—but he didn't tell how Washington disapproved of her conduct—and about another woman who rode all night long on horseback for the same cause.

How good we all felt sitting there and hearing him say how glad he was to have us there, and talk so enthusiastically about patriotism—that most important 'ism of these days, when there are so many other isms to distract one's attention—that it couldn't be taught too early; that we daughters had been teaching it for years, raising memorials to let people know what our patriotic fathers did; and that all our work depended on their work; and now the California women's influence would be so much the more potent, being allowed to vote.

All these words from the lips of the British born Ex-Governor Wallace.

Then the state regent, Mrs. W. W. Stilson,

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introduced General Frank C. Prescott, Governor of Sons of Colonial Wars, who said he was all the time keeping posted up on this important subject; had read the careful analysis of Mr. Hugh's, and was now reading and studying Mr. Green's ideas on the continuity of history to paint, to analyze, and to emphasize, that the colonial period ideas culminated in the Revolution.

The next speaker, Mr. Orra E. Monette, emphasized the fact that many women must be singled out, as well as men, to do important work in the world, quoted the following from Senator Depew: "You do not represent any creed, any dogma, any religion, but you do represent the universality of good fellowship and catholicity of brain power to do and to create." Also gave quotations from numerous poets, and his closing one forcibly breathed throughout the spirit of Longfellow's beautiful Psalm of Life.

Greetings from the Southern Chapter

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were presented by Mrs. James W. Johnson, who said, "The Lord helps those who help themselves," and extended a welcome tribute to the State Regent, and to the guests from other states, and said ever so many beautiful things, poetical as well as prosaic, and kept us well informed straight through concerning what's going on all over the state, and a chapter had been formed in the Phillipines, and that we must all look well to this day, as it said to do in the little poem that was very dear to her, and set to music by one of the Angel City's finest musicians, and in so doing, we would help to make history.

These greetings were followed by a pleasing response from Mrs. I. N. Chapman, of the Copa de Ora Chapter, San Francisco. Next. Mrs. W. W. Stilson put on a pile of information fuel that flew like sparks all over the audience, brightening our eyes and giving us a vision of the California room in Continental Hall, Washington, saying that

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she was there herself for a whole month, seeing to the furnishing of it. Here was a most able and interesting paper, evincing a spirit of energy, knowledge, and true patriotism.

A daughter's program wouldn't be complete without presentation of guests who were from Colorado, Missouri and Kansas, committee reports, roll call, and music.

Daughters from all over the state responded to the roll call, and the musical treat was a solo sweetly rendered by Mrs. George L. Eastman.

The closing address of the morning was made by Rev. Dana Bartlett, who took for his subject "A Pacific Coast Immigration Policy." What to do with all these immigrants when they get over here, how we are to receive them, furnishing themes for discussion, and that we daughters had a work to do well as the men; that many of them were now living in the slums, and we good

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people held aloof from them the reason why they were in such places.

They are not dagoes and hoboes, they are our brothers and we should treat them as such, and all the big men of the country are enthusiastically talking about this immigration policy; said they were selling tickets now in Europe on the installment plan to come here through the Panama canal, when 'tis finished; that we ought to do as well by them when citizens as the Germans do by theirs, in looking after them; spoke of the mammoth-sized ranches from Baldwins's to Santa Ana, forty thousand acres in one, and others accordingly; that these lands ought to be distributed and thus narrow down selfishness; that to become citizens they had to pass an examination that perhaps it would be difficult for us to pass, and that we all had a work to do in laboring to make them good citizens, and preparing them to be leaders.

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But I thought it would be far more difficult than anything else to come through that Canal on the way over. Just to think of riding thousands of miles before reaching it, then going through a titanic canal fifty miles or so, the narrowest point in it being the Culebra cut, and being locked through all those locks; just think of it, bobbing up and down, bobbing up and down, in and out, in and out through all those gates.

After going through all that performance shouldn't think they'd ever reach the Angel City at all, to say nothing of becoming citizens in it. But we'll wait and see how it goes.

Well, I left the meeting fully convinced that 'twas one of the most lively, interesting D. A. R. meetings that ever was held.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE PICNIC AND LUNA PARK

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE PICNIC AND LUNA PARK

ON'T see as we are ever going to get anything in here, so let's go," I said to Uncle Jim; had been sitting there more than half an hour waiting, and a waiting for a cup of coffee, and a sandwich, and only two young girls and a kid to wait on all that crowd, that kept pouring in, and a pouring in, from the automobiles, and trolleys, into that little shack, front of the park that advertised hot lunches for the hungry soul. We took a seat at the middle table as that was vacant, thinking we'd get something right off, and sat there 'til a blooming young woman took a seat opposite, with a little young blossom in her lap, and an old time settler sat in the corner with a big fat nose, and swarthy complexion, and voluble tongue, a talking, and a talking on irrigation, loud enough for the whole crowd

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to hear, but intended only for the big man with a profusion of iron gray whiskers, who kept saying, hum, hum, hum, as though he thought 'twas fun, fun, fun, to everything he had to say, only once when the talker said California was a dumpin' ground for everybody, San Francisco not excepted, and he retorded, saying 'twas for all old people, and when he got up from the table he remained standing and kept on talking and when he finally hobbled out, 'tis a wonder he didn't continue and the others at the table all the time kept giggling, and giggling, and making fun of the poor old man; but such things will happen at a picnic, and this was an Iowa picnic at Eastlake Park, and on Washington's birthday, so having lived in the state four years, thought we'd take it in 'long with the others—for everybody who had ever lived there was invited—saw people everywhere thick as bees in a hive, all through the park, some sitting on the ground

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with their lunches all spread out in front of them; others standing by temporarily constructed tables sipping coffee from rusty tin-cups; and munching sandwiches, pies, doughnuts, pickles, and all other edible things within reach; and still others by the pond, watching the happy sailors in the numerous row-boats, while the oars musically splashed this way and that; and many more taking a keen interest in the wild animals at the zoological gardens, and venders selling badges and shouting, "Everybody wears a badge," and some of the badges had pictures of George Washington on them, and others had ears of corn with pigs; but the best provender of all was to hear those gifted Iowa speakers, and the Angel City's good mayor among them talk so eloquently about the Imperial State, imperial because of its excellent laws, high standard of morality, and very intelligent men and women, and all this under a sunlit sky, with

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newsboys carrying their papers and shouting: Blizzard in the East, big blizzard in the East.

Being in the way of park visiting, thought we'd celebrate the day going to another named Luna, here the price of admission was ten cents and 'twas worth it and more too, if we didn't get in early enough to see the little boys and girls chopping trees with their little hatchets on the play ground, each working with all his might to win a prize. Just to see the monkeys perform is alone worth making an effort to go in, big monkeys caressing little ones in the fondest, most endearing ways with their sprawling paws, and they looked so artful withal, 'twas powerful hard work to keep from laughing, and we didn't try to, for we were hard by Joyland, so the poster read, and the bears were all the time performing—wondered if they were California bears like those in Eastlake park, but there wasn't anybody to

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tell us—and we came to some wild cats, and foxes, and the most gaily dressed parrots you ever did see, some with pure white dresses, and some pigeons—funny place for those innocent little pets among all those wild animals. The sacred cow from India and a baby buffalo had a cage all to themselves.

Didn't go through Joyland, being told 'twas an underground journey by boat, nor to Nemos' Slumberland, 'cause we always go where everything's wide awake, so sat right down on a seat where we could hear the scenic railway train go rushing by every few minutes, and when that ceased heard another thundering noise which so roused Uncle Jim, that he was immediately on the spot where it came from, and I followed him into an enclosure where he was leaning' gainst a railing 'long with others, looking, and a looking, and grinning, and a grinning, and others were laughing and a

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laughing 'til I said: What does it all mean, and presently descried ten, or a dozen boys, going round a revolving platform, that looked as slippery as ice, and smooth as glass; and first one would go off, then another, and another, 'til they were all off, and the way they tumbled off, and slid off, wasn't slow; but some of them kept their places much longer than the others, having had more experience.

However, the boys seemed to heartily enjoy the sport, by the way they laughed, and shouted, dashed and jumped, notwithstanding the risk they ran, but I was truly glad to see a man go and turn a crank by the wall which made the thing stop, and heard someone say it went by electricity. However it went, it made me feel about as that moving platform did that took me up with the others to the Naval Observatory at Washington, D. C., to look at the stars through that wonderful telescope. They

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said it went by hydraulic pressure. Beats all, how many moving things there are. Truly, "man has sought out many inventions."

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CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE REALM OF ART

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CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE REALM OF ART

NCLE JIM and I sat on that comfortable settee right in the middle of Royar and Neighbors' art gallery, eagerly looking at the paintings that were on exhibition, when in came a tall, elderly man with a very pleasant countenance and keenly intelligent, at least this was my first impression, and found that it was correct, for he told a lady who came in afterwards with a bright looking young girl, that he sat up in bed when he was recovering from a fit of sickness, and wrote twenty-one pages 'bout gophers, and moles. Now, if that isn't intelligence, I don't know what is, and the lady, after looking a minute or so at the paintings, commenced to talk 'bout pheasants, and quails, that she had at her home, and how delighted the tourists were to see them, and other birds that she brought

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from Virginia, and 'bout snow flowers of the Sierra Nevada, and holly from Hollywood, and Catalina Island, and Virginia, and scarlet and yellow mariposa. Doesn't all this sound beautifully?

The young lady, and Uncle Jim and I, kept listening, for 'twasn't every day we had a chance to listen to such fine talk on botany, for the man was a specialist in that line, and knew all 'bout sweet peas, and honeybees, and bumblebees, and Uncle Jim jumped up suddenly and left while they were talking on this sweet subject, and said he'd wait for me outside, 'til I was through looking at the painting of the Old Veteran, and listening to the entertaining genuine one, who told me that the tree veteran crowning the cliff projecting over the seething waters was painted near Monterey, and said there was equally as much to attract tourists up there, as down here; that the artist, Frank L. Heath, formerly of San Francisco, was

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once a pupil of his; and his paintings had shown a good knowledge of atmospheric conditions; and it seemed to me an excellent knowledge of other conditions as well. The whole space in the gallery was allotted to his paintings of marine subjects, and his complimentary card of invitation to visit it says: "Medals for best marine painting at two state exhibitions." It was indeed a great privilege to behold such a rich display of remarkable paintings in this line wholly by one artist, and I didn't see how Uncle Jim could leave them so abruptly, but he did, and I found him standing outside, so patiently waiting for me to go over to another exhibition, and this was of flowers by the late Paul de Longpre, held in the Johnson studio across the street, and, Oh! those flowers! Apple blossoms, and sweet peas, and poinsettas, and poppies, and lilies, and roses, and lilacs; and the exquisite purity of his white flowers artistically ar-

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ranged all about the studio; and the painting of peonies was twenty-five hundred dollars, and the apple blossoms were forty-five dollars, the lowest price for any one of them, and the visitors me thinks were almost lost in the contemplation of so much beauty, and a portrait of him in the window with a red carnation on his breast, all plainly indicated how much he thought of the flowers.

The next exhibition we went to was an architectural one in the attractive rooms of Barker Brothers on Broadway, and if there wasn't variety there you couldn't find it anywhere. You didn't need to pay a dollar for a big book to tell you all about the pictures, for they were right before you, one of the biggest, and finest, and prettiest miscellaneous art collections you ever did see. The architects evinced superior skill in their pictured plans for the erection of palatial houses, modest bungalows, and other various styles of houses scattered all over the Angel

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City, and other cities in Southern California, and the United States.

There were bungalows and bungalows, some of them after the Swiss order, and other orders, little gems in their way, but the model of one in Hamburgers' beats all the drawings of them, 'cause you can go into that and sit down 'til you're ordered out.

A man came running toward us just as we got off the elevator and told us he wanted us to go and see the bungalow way to the end of that big store, said that 'twas all ready to move into, so we marched straight out and moved in, being we were told 'twas all ready, and naturally, I took a seat and sat there 'til the one in charge ordered me out, and I was so tired seeing things, new things too, like the fireless cooker in the bungalow, didn't see how things could be cooked without a fire any more than a trolley could go without a track, as it does up Laurel Canyon, until a man

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explained it. They are all so good to explain things out here and refund your money too, if you don't like what you get, and not raise one single objection, and as has been said, Los Angeles is a great town for swaps, but this is another digression. Besides the pictures of elegant residences there were beautiful pencil sketches, water-color sketches, oil paintings, and numerous models ornamental and useful, but by far the more numerous were the architectural drawings, as the exhibition was advertised to be, and that daily drew crowds of admiring beholders—and so good-by to the Realm of Art.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

AT BUSCH'S GARDENS

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CHAPTER XVIII.

AT BUSCH'S GARDENS

NCLE Jim and I had decided to take the Triangle trolley trip which is an all day one around the beaches, walnut groves, and oil-fields. When we reached the Pacific Electric staion found the car had just gone, so we bought round trip tickets short route to Pasadena, and stopped off near Bush's Gardens, but soon found we were not so near, for we had to walk a long way before coming to them.

When we reached the entrance gate, went straight in and sat down on one of those comfortable settees, and while we were sitting there an automobile load from Pasadena came in, and the guide commenced to talk all about those beautiful gardens that we'd worked so hard to see, and I said to Uncle Jim: "We'll go along too and hear what he has to say," and the first words I

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caught were "Eighty acres and over fifty men employed the year round to take care of 'em."

Passing the many varieties of imported plants we came to an old mill on elevated ground with a weeping willow near it, and heard little drops of water murmuring from a little waterfall, a purple grackle singing close by, saw a woodpecker in yonder tree, and the largest myrtle blossoms clinging to the walls of the rustic bridge leading to the mill that had a stork for a cupola and heard guide say that he had everthing made in accordance with the German idea to make it look more home-like, even to the stones on the roof of his Swiss chalet which we saw further on, and to reach it, passed a well and took a draught from the genuine Budweiser. We went down and up, down and up winding stairways and winding walks—twenty-seven miles in all, only we didn't walk that number—by terraced banks, and

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shady nooks, and guide pointed out many varieties of acacias, also of cactuses both rare and common.

Marshal Niel roses in rich profusion clambered over a wide trellis, and there were Cherokee roses, and marguerites—Eastern daisies—and the words Ivy Wall written in flowers on a beautiful grass-plot at our feet.

Some of the plants had curious names, such as Spanish dagger, monkey puzzle, and others unheard of, and there were poinsettas, pepper trees, and olive trees with ripe olives on them, palms from the Canary Islands, leafless fig trees, and there was a Cork oak from Ireland, a Washington palm, Yucca palm, alligator pear, South American pampas, and many more wonderful products of nature which elicited our undivided attention.

After seeing all these, we went across the street into another garden—now I know why they were called Busch's Gardens, because there were two of them—and this

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was called the Arroyo, and to me the most interesting, because guide said he was going to have us get up a tree, and sure enough he did, but the way of getting up was a real surprise, thought we were going up by hydraulic pressure, or some other pressure, but there wasn't any pressure at all about it, only lifting, and we were all up a tree. Guide lifted a circular cover from a wooden platform, and we looked way down, and saw a tree, that any of us didn't know 'til he told us 'twas a bread fruit tree from South America, and we were on top of it, funniest and easiest way to get up a tree, wasn't it?

Next, guide said he would take us down the hill to a quiet nook, that had given rise to almost innumerable fairy tales, and we would see the queen, and her courtiers on the way, if we wanted to go, but one of the men in the party said he wanted to go and get some oranges, so they all started for the automobile without waiting to look at the

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little booklets that had descriptive pictures of the Gardens, to say nothing of buying them, but Uncle Jim and I stayed long enough to see the queen under a big tree with her courtiers about her, and the Hawthorn water spring, and look for the ranches they said were beyond the Gardens, and to see the tree from Africa, and to hear another guide tell another party who had just entered the Arroyo, how Mr. Busch entertained a multitude of doctors in his gardens about a year ago, which cost him thousands of dollars, then we left and I was all the time thinking about these beautiful gardens, and other gardens, and how many there were and had been, since the creation, and of the artists who had painted them, and poets sung of them, and philosophers speculated concerning them, and science investigated them, but of all the gardens that I had ever seen, heard, or read about, the Garden of Eden interested me more than any other, for that was the origin of them all.

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE RAIN STORM

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE RAIN STORM

THE rainy season is really and truly upon us, that we've been wanting and praying for so long—only not so much of it—but 'tis not so bad after all, only two days it just poured down, and there's lots of things going on now. The Land Show, where—as the saying goes—the biggest band in the country holds forth with Creatore at its head, and a big chorus of four hundred and sixty singers sing the praises of the soil under the direction of Professor Drill—and he just knows how to drill them up fine—and a whistling chorus of young ladies whistle charmingly as directed by Miss Woodward, and some of the most prominent merchants are coming down from San Francisco to the Fashion Show to see the great display of gowns, and fabrics, garlands, and bouquets, and hangings of

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velvet, lace, and glittering cloth of gold. At Hamburger's the pretty girls and gallant young men ride up and down the colossal store in an automobile under a forest of pink and white blossoms. Just think of riding in a store big enough for automobiles to go in, and roof-gardens overhead, and an Arrow Theatre where you can be entertained the whole afternoon with such plays as Brother Bob's Baby, and scenic pictures, such as Waterfalls of Sweden, all for five cents, and the Rodeo at the Baldwin rancho at Santa Anita has its share of patronage, where they are having cowboy's contests, not only cowboys but cowgirls, and one of the wild pony riders is a Vassar girl going to ride side saddle in an antiquated riding habit, and all this to create sport, and draw money from the crowds who will attend.

The Men and Religion Forward Movement are having their meetings, and the Seventh Day Adventists of the Pacific Union

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are having theirs, and people will go if it does rain. Why! came near being a cloud-burst when it rained the hardest, and streets in every section of the city ran full of water from curb to curb, and men carried the women across the streets, and some of the pretty maidens walked over on improvised bridges, street cars were stalled in the water, the floods in one place formed a miniature lake, and lots of automobiles tried to ford it, but couldn't because their engines gave out, and the occupants had to stand up on their seats and wait for the rescue wagon.

How funny! and how funny to see those vegetables, fruits, and nuts, and candies a sweeping down Temple Street Hill, and the newsboys go for 'em right into the foot deep torrent, rubber-boots, and no rubber-boots! But not so funny for the owners of all these valuables. Furthermore, the report is that a girl baby was born during it all on the steamer President going to San Pedro.

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Truly this is a moving world and nothing is more so than water, fire, and air, when once started.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE TRIANGLE TROLLEY TRIP

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CHAPTER XX.

THE TRIANGLE TROLLEY TRIP

THE first thing you have to do in taking this trip is to get your ticket and with it a pretty pin is given you with a triangle on it to wear as a badge, and if you take the balloon route you get a pin with a balloon on it, or if you take the Old Mission trip, you have one with a picture of the Old Mission building.

Uncle Jim and I were to take the triangle trip, so each had a triangle pin and they went off like hot cakes as they do continually among all the tourists, and others who are daily going.

The seat number problem was the first to confront the passengers, tickets having numbers corresponding to the seats. The cars were after the bentwood fashion, delightfully easy to ride on, and we were soon speeding on our way with the guide to en-

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liven our interest by his funny sayings, and a boosting Los Angeles; said it grew faster than any city in the world 'cept Chicago; and 'twas nicer than any place in the world 'cept the one where we came from; people came here with one lung and went away with two; that Los Angeles was like the hands, the inside had palms and they were supported by two wrists (tourists).

Soon reached the city limits and further on Watts, the town of lots. On the way we passed groves of walnut, camphor, and eucalyptus trees—the oil from the latter being good for lung trouble. At Watts lines branched off in different directions, but guide said we were to go straight ahead for twenty miles, 'thout crook or turn to Santa Ana, passed Mojeska Park—named for the famous actress—several thousand acres of sugar-beet land, some large factory plants, numerous chicken ranches, a sunset poultry ranch, fields of barley, and alfalfa; crossed the Old

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San Gabriel river, also the new one. A great flood many years ago caused a new channel to be made, giving rise to the name New San Gabriel.

On our arrival at Santa Ana, guide said we must help the photographer all we could, by having our pictures taken, as he had quite a family dependent on him; this delayed us only a few moments, and we left the place on the Huntingdon beach line, and the sand hills, and mounds, large and small, all along the coast were objects of great interest. Made short stops at the Beach towns, which are chiefly summer resorts.

Numerous seagulls and pelicans were soaring over the waters, and when we came to the bay of Naples were much interested in watching the dredging of it, to make it resemble that of the same name in Italy.

We were all disappointed in being told we couldn't go out to Point Firmin because

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of a washout due to the recent rains, consequently would have a longer time at Long Beach, and we were to unload at the Palace Cafe, and after we had had lunches wherever we pleased to get them, must meet him at the tower where we were all to have another ride.

The menu cards at the Palace Cafe advertised a seven-course dinner special for fifty cents, and the fish served was 'specially nice, so brown and crisp.

Well we were all on hand at the tower at the appointed time to take the ride in the air-ship—spiral way—said ship being a small boat capable of carrying four passengers, who in general were by no means backward in taking the ride.

The way the boat whirled round and round the high tower was frightful and if any of the machinery-gear should give out, they'd perhaps come down in the boat and go sailing way out on the Pacific ocean, or

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come down on the track and be seriously injured, or killed outright, so when one of the party asked me if I were going, I said no, very emphatically, and, to tell the truth, I don't believe any of them enjoyed the performance one bit, if they did giggle and giggle and giggle on being landed, only too ready to take another perilous ride on the scenic railway.

Another attraction was the Cave of Mystery, being a winding passage in a dark dungeon among animals and things, and when inside, you hardly knew whether you were an animal or a thing; and still another was a Merry-Go-Round, where those who wanted to were sent whirling and whirling in those gorgeous vehicles and on those animals with gay trappings 'til they grew dizzy, and I was heartily glad to see the thing stop.

At fifteen minutes past three we left Long Beach for San Pedro, and going there saw

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houses, a small church, and other buildings on stilts in the water, funny sight indeed, but not so funny as to be in them, and dredgers were at work to remedy the condition by removing the sand and water, some of these substances being carried a mile and a half.

For a change, had a little ocean ride of about the same distance across the bay, and, further on, they were putting in a drawbridge, and numerous small boats were near. At the left we could see the steamer Harvard, for we were now at San Pedro, and guide told us that the track had been repaired and we could go on out to Point Firmin, news that we joyfully received for we all wanted to see the longest breakwater in the world, and just this moment a steamer was going 'round it; stopped not far from the lighthouse, but didn't have time to go into it; beheld with wonder the huge rocks 'neath the steep embankment with the waves seeth-

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ing and foaming 'round them; and out at sea, the buoys that by their mournful, distressing, howling noises warned vessels of approaching danger.

Some of the young ladies picked acacia blossoms, others strolled down the steep bank to take views with their cameras, while all looked happy under the bright sunshine that had during the day been evanescent, and now prolonged, and his radiant beams gladdened us all the way back from Point Firmin to San Pedro, and from there direct to Los Angeles, and Uncle Jim and I felt as if we had had many times the worth of our money.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE LAND SHOW

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE LAND SHOW

EATS all if that duck, or one just like it, wasn't at the Land Show; that duck that was strutting down Broadway so lordly at the time of the Gypsy Smith meetings, advertising diamonds, and a young boy was carrying the duck around and up and down; wouldn't have known it was the diamond duck if it hadn't been for the blanket on duck's back saying so; heard a lady say they'd had it for twenty years, so I guess 'tis the very same duck and an old hand at the business.

Uncle Jim always sees everything and pretty soon I saw him stoop to pick up something which was nothing but a gay butterfly with a burr on it, advertising La Ramada, the old adobe Spanish restaurant near Glendale, and they were disposing of them at a rapid rate at the Country Store,

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where you had to pay ten cents for a guess which entitled you to a number that called for something in the store. Uncle Jim's always ready to take his turn at anything of this kind, so he bought some tickets and mine drew a song that proved to be a Ballad of the Home that had a chilling sadness about it.

The next guessing place we stopped at was in front of a glass globe of beans, and the one who guessed the correct number was to have a Business Town Lot valued at three hundred and fifty dollars, located at Richgrove in the heart of the Early Orange Belt of Tulare County. But we were so disappointed in not getting the Song of the Soil that's being sung every evening, and a prize song, and the very one we wanted, that we didn't try any more guessing.

How very small that duck did look beside that monstrous elephant made out of white cotton from the Imperial Valley, and there's

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another one made from nuts in the Chamber of Commerce, and best of all there was one all trimmed with roses at the tournament at Pasadena on New Years' day, and I was all the time thinking about this tournament and the moving pictures of the whole performance at the Chamber of Commerce, and of the San Diego sportsmen at the same place, dashing head long into the bay and riding from heights down into it, and floundering around in the water like fishes all time used to it, and big steamers and sailboats sailing 'round and 'round and all over, and different phases of nautical life constantly rising to view, and I kept thinking of what Mary said, there was so much to see out here in California, when she's been living in New York City so many years, and where there's a heap more to see than here. I asked her one day if she didn't sometimes wish she were on Broadway, New York, and she replied: "Broadway, Los Angeles, is

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good enough for me," and that is about the way they all talk. But this is a digression. On entering the Land Show we had our names printed on two different linotypes—one the Examiner, the other the Times—and each had given us a blue felt shield decorated with a buff colored slipper, advertising the Standard Felt Co. of West Alhambra, and when leaving were just loaded down with a pile of literature—to add to our already big stock—newspapers, and postal cards, and folders telling 'bout places and things, such as Seven Grain Flour, and Salads, and Cedar Sweep that takes up all the dirt in sweeping right away, and Mapelet for making imitation maple syrup, postal card pictures of the National Orange Show recently held at San Bernardino, folders telling all 'bout Yellowstone Park with its Morning Glory Pools, Teddy Roosevelt bears, and other bears, and numberless other attractions, Yucaipa Valley lands where the big red apple grows; the

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mountain camp of Modjeska Mineral Springs, a delightful resting place; the town of Burbank and San Fernando Valley, and Lankershim; and pictures illustrating the event of the year in Los Angeles, which is "A Scene at the Formal Installation of new lightning sextuble press of the Los Angeles Evening Herald, Monday, March 4, 1912." Madam Luisa Tetrazzini, the world's greatest singer, is represented as standing in front starting the big press, and Mayor Alexander and all those noted men looking on while it is being done, and by and by this brilliant songbird is to start thousands, and thousands, by her melodious trills, and warbles in the Shriners Auditorium.

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CHAPTER XXII.

THREE ENTERTAINMENTS

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THREE ENTERTAINMENTS

ENTERTAINMENT NUMBER ONE

AT the Traveller's Club entertainment we had the moving pictures right before us, giving us a very good idea of the drudgery work necessary in the construction of the Panama Canal.

(1) Picture introducing us to it on the Pacific side.

(2) Ponderous machine shovels in use.

(3) Laborers carrying dynamite for blasting.

(4) One small blast.

(5) Lifting the track by machinery that did the work of four hundred men.

(6) Unloading the dirt.

(7) Machine coming towards us in the form of a car with a levelling rake.

(8) Laborers hastening to take the train

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after work is done, even hanging to the sides of long railway cars.

(9) Laborers returning to their work in the same bustling, anxious way.

(10) Lifting the buckets, each weighing one hundred pounds.

(11) View of a Pedro Meguel lock.

(12) Approach to the Canal on the Atlantic side.

ENTERTAINMENT NUMBER TWO

Stereoptican views illustrating Mr. E. A. Powell's lecture at the Ebell Club-house.

(1) Picture of Abdul Hamid, the dethroned Turkish Sultan, on the only occasion that he was seen in public in thirty-three years.

(2) The present sultan on his first public ride in forty years.

(3) An automobile in battle.

(4) Hanging four men at the entrance of a bridge.

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(5) A long train of cars illustrating methods of travel.

(6) A sandstorm in Kahrtoum.

(7) Rudyard Kipling's Fuzzy Wuzzy.

(8) Officers and soldiers in uniform.

(9) Six warriors that Roosevelt tells about.

(10) Four canary-birds—young ladies dressed in yellow.

(11) Boats landing in the sand, illustrating the numerous and amusing difficulties to be surmounted.

(12) Navy of Zanzibar.

(13) Two large ivory tusks in front of a beautiful Portuguese door, each kept in position by two men.

(14) Three different types of beauty young ladies.

(15) How the Sultan of Zanzibar rides.

(16) Mermaid.

(17) Man who had killed more human beings than any man living.

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(18) Landing in chairs that resembled baskets for soiled linen.

(19) Man owns his own trolley car.

(20) How the speaker himself and his wife travelled in a railway motor-car at 130 and 140, under the awning.

(21) How Germany is civilizing Africa.

(22) Settlement founded by Cecil Rhodes.

(23) Prostrate lifeless elephant's head.

(24) Immense falls in Africa, three and one-half times larger than Niagara.

(25) Pugilists.

(26) Man holding largest diamond in the world, part of it now in Queen Mary's crown.

(27) Longwood house, where Napoleon died.

(28) Hypnotism.

(29) Barber's shop.

(30) Military men.

(31) Street scene in Morocco.

(32) The Garden of Allah.

(33) Cemetery.

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(34) Rider on camel looking across the desert, lisping an evening prayer.

Amusing facts relative to some of the pictures, as told by the speaker:

The wealth of the sultan was 20,000,000, and a burly negro had to be rapped on his funny bones to make him tell what it amounted to.

The young ladies illustrating three different types of beauty wore shoes that had Shasta frills about the ankles that resembled those around the California mutton chops.

The speaker and his wife were once refused admission into an overcrowded palatial hotel in German East Africa, and finally found a place where was a German beer-garden, and his wife starting to take a nap was suddenly aroused by a great commotion underneath, and discovered a large, fat sow with six little pigs.

And so the eminent author, traveller, and lecturer, after exploring the dark continent,

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heroically breaking through the wilderness into untrodden jungles, enduring miasmatic climatic changes, all sorts of hardships, and beholding such scenes as he has so vividly and entertainingly described, says: "Pack your trunk and go."

ENTERTAINMENT NUMBER THREE

This was the Durbar in Kinemacolor at the great Auditorium, reproducing the important ceremonies, processions and pageants in Bombay, Delhi, and Calcutta, during their Imperial Majesties Indian tour, said to be the greatest dramatic and historic pageant of modern times.

One of the most amusing things in the whole performance was the washing of the elephants, preparatory to their taking part in it, and the elephants themselves, elicited no small degree of fun by their meanderings in the water, and in being decorated for the pageant. 'Tis a mystery how they can walk at all with their clumsy bodies, but

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they did make good progress in the brilliant procession, and camels also with their awkward strides, hundreds of them there were, showing their gorgeous and costly trappings, as they marched, and the horses, such a display of these noble animals so richly caparisoned, 'twas a rich feast for the eyes in these automobile days.

Just go to Durbar and enjoy it too, and you'll see horses, and elephants, and camels that'll make you open your eyes wide, and if they're not real, are as much so as human creative power can make them, and you'll see all sorts of monied vehicles, and all these scenes of Oriental splendor—the State Entry into Delhi, the Garden Party, the Firing Salutes of one hundred and one guns—in honor of their Imperial Majesties, King George and Queen Mary, during their Indian tour, and you'll have variety also in the way of a sweet pea introduction after the pageant.

A young lad was busy changing the posi-

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tion of bouquets in a large box in front of him, then a single blossom appeared with its distinctive petals and sepals, but it was when the florist's bouquet was presented that there came rounds and rounds of applause, but the cutest one of all was the one that was folded so as to resemble a sun-bonnet.

And this was the little fragrant flower touched with the finger of God and made to shine, as only his hand can make it, and thus beautifully portrayed by human power.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

MT. LOWE AND WILSON

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CHAPTER XXIII.

MT. LOWE AND WILSON

AS everybody who comes to California wants to take the trip up Mt. Lowe, so Uncle Jim and I did. The sun shone brightly when we started, but the sky became cloudy and the air penetratingly chilly, so that we only went as far as Rubio Canyon.

The road all the way through Pasadena, Altadena, past groves of oranges, and fields of poppies, is one of picturesque beauty, and the grandeur of Rubio Canyon itself is wondrous to behold. To reach it, you don't have to go in a car without any track, as into Laurel Canyon, for the elegant Pacific Electric takes you right there on a good substantial track.

There were about a dozen in the car, not so large and merry a party as one of the postal cards represents at the foot of the

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incline, about fifty on that, and the car going up couldn't possibly seat so many, so they had to stand in front, and at one side, each waiting his turn, making a very attractive spectacle, with their gay dresses and bright faces.

Arriving at the Canyon the passengers quickly alighted from the car and jumped into another one, entirely different, being constructed in a manner suitable to make the perilous ascent by cable. We waited some minutes at the car entrance, when a bell signalled for it to start, and a blooming lassie on the back seat turned around and bade us a joyous Good-by—Oh these Good-bys! Earth is full of them.

Slowly it ascended up, up, up, 'til it was almost out of sight, and the other car coming down seemed not to move at all, so slow was the descent, but it did, for it soon reached the station with only four passengers, two ladies, a baby girl, and little boy who lived up on the mountain.

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I was constantly thinking about the party now probably visiting the Observatory on Echo mountain at the top of the incline, taking note of the modus operandi of the electrical machinery, and when they would take the car and ride way out to Alpine Tavern, a distance of several miles further; and how wonderful it must be to ride for miles on top of a mountain, through canyons, and over a constantly curving road that takes one past such sublime scenery, and over a circular bridge, viewed from the track below, as well as from above, exciting the beholder with a thrill of horror as he fears what might happen. Up grade and down, with panorama of forest, vale, and mountain before him, through the devil's Gateway, and Granite Gate, 'til he reaches Ye Alpine Tavern, a delightful resting place in a glen of exceeding beauty, where there are trees with sonorous song-birds, and frisky squirrels to enhance the enjoyment, and after resting

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awhile they would perhaps pursue their journey to the summit, a short distance further.

And Uncle Jim and I had missed all this, 'twas like viewing the promised land without going in.

To reach the summit of Mt. Wilson, another peak of the Sierra Madre, people ride burros, mules, or horses (according to their weight) over a trail seven or eight miles, or if they are good pedestrians they can walk both ways, as many do. But the most wonderful way of all is to be carried up in a sedan-chair, the ends of the poles supporting the chair being carried by two men, which is the way that Dr. John Ross, the eminent Scotchman, went up to inspect the Carnegie solar observatory, of which he is the Carnegie Dunfermline trustee. Dr. R. S. Woodward, president of the Carnegie institution of Washington, who is his travelling companion, and Professor George E.

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Hale who has charge of the observatory, and other professors who accompanied him rode on horses. What a jolly time they must have had. It took them several hours to reach the summit and when they did, spent the time inspecting the solar observatory, said to be the largest in the world. Its museum contains all the photography of the Heavenly Bodies taken there, and in the large postal card collection down town where, while looking at them you hear delightful music, is a picture of the moon, that looks as if a steamer might be sailing in it, taken from the Mt. Lowe Observatory.

Oh the grandeur, the sublimity, the beauty of the mountains! No pen, however wieldy and mighty, can possibly do them justice.

The waters from Mt. Shasta give new life and vigor to those who use them, and the very words Old Baldy invoke the deepest reverence, exultation, and praise.

Why is it that so many travellers will

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persist in touring Europe first, before going over their own country, when, everywhere, from almost every point of the compass, it reveals a wealth of scenery untold.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RETURN

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RETURN

HICH way are you going home?" Cousin Emerson said to me, after having told him early in April that the time was near at hand, for us to leave the Angel City, where we had spent so many happy months.

"Same way as we came by the Salt Lake route," I replied.

"What! the same way as you came," he said, in tones that expressed much surprise. "Should by all means think you would go around by the way of San Francisco."

"I did think about it, but it takes so much longer, and Uncle Jim seriously objects, says he's gettin' tired seein' things, and longs for his own cottage-home."

"Who ever heard of such a thing as coming to California without going to San Francisco," was his next question. "You'll see the big city, and you'll see something, you'll see something," he reiterated, "by going that way."

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And I thought of the big city with its Golden Gate, and all the wealth of scenery about it, and before us, and the Great American Divide to be crossed on the route, and how Bishop Quayle said a trip across the continent this way, was one that an angel might covet, 'til I confess my decision to go the Salt Lake Route was somewhat staggered; but Uncle Jim still persisted that he'd seen enough to last him one while. Furthermore, he was very anxious to know in what condition he would find things in his little cottage-home, and that to him there is no place like, so I conformed to his wish as to the route, but 'twasn't a party of eight who went over it this time, as when we started, only Uncle Jim and I, for sister and husband had gone on ahead, leaving their daughter and family behind in the Angel City.

We left April 12, on the morning train, and, strange to say, from reasons best known to the authorities, the engine gave out not

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far from the same place that it did on the route going out, so that we didn't arrive in Omaha until between twelve and one, Friday morning, just about two days before the Titanic sank, acknowledged to be the most appalling disaster in maritime history, because of the circumstances connected with it, and great sacrifice of human life, and destruction of property concerning which there has already been so much written, both in poetry and prose to commemorate the direful event.

This great disaster was preceded by the great floods all over the Middle West, with likewise appalling loss of life and property.

Truly one has reason for exclaiming:

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age, on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

"Worlds are charging—heaven beholding,
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Love's pure banner now unfolding,
On—right onward for the fight.

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"From the crimes that men are crushing
War's dire curse, and slavery's wrong,
To deliver him, now rushing,
Arm thee well—be strong—be strong.

"Fear not! Spurn the worldling's laughter!
Friendship's favor trample thou;
Thou shalt find a long hereafter
To be more than tempts thee now.

"Oh! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God."

Furthermore, for all those who will take them, wherever travelling, on sea or land, at home or abroad, there are these comforting words:

5. "The Lord is thy keeper. The Lord is thy shade upon the right hand."

6. "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night."

7. "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul."

8. "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forever more." Psalm 121,5-6-7-8.

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